Unknown author

Sainte-Anne l’Asile

The most obvious evidence of psychiatric asylums, psychiatry and psychotropic drugs

-Testimony-

Preface by Taoufik Ben Brik

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-Testimony-

Whoever wants to be heard must speak without fear! I will therefore speak without fear or worry about tomorrow. For however arid the desert of men may be, if the letter is fruitful, the spirit will germinate.

Marc Stéphane

To name is to be protected .

Andre Sakharov

The Ball Eater

Acts find their existence in the witness. Without him who can talk about it? Finally one could even say that the act is nothing, and the witness all [...] only the witness held on. And this witness's witness. For what is profoundly true is also true in the hearts of men and no story can counterfeit the truth. If the world is only a story, who other than the witness can give it life?

Cormac McCarthy

Here is the “incorrect” testimony of an unknown author which plunges us into the secret world of psychiatry. I took the time it took to arrive, guided by the author, at Sainte-Anne asylum, the door to evil, the corridor of misfortunes, where we only meet beings who have evil of the spine, carrying their carcasses and begging just a look, even haughty, from these psychiatrists, these nurses who are at home in these places of the blues.

Sainte-Anne asylum is gloomy, the ceiling is low, the walls are the color of lead, a bulb with pale light threatens with each passage to fall on your head, while the eye of the chief psychiatrist watches you , mad scientist figure from Metropolis. Everything stretches: the doors, the iron bars, the corridors, the white coats worn by the supervisors.

You feel like a mouse, walled up, stripped of your freedom to choose in the face of these men and women who pace like dancers at a masked ball the aisles of this asylum where light hardly penetrates. The psychiatrists know you are confused, take you in hand and rob you of the only thought running through your head: run away, run away, run away...

Here, at Sainte-Anne asylum, we have mutilated man's most precious organ: the tongue. There are no more cries or whispers, just mute grunts. The soul was shattered on a reef of steel.

Entering Sainte-Anne l'Asylum is like entering a sinister place, brrr...A world without air. A lunar landscape. Many have lost their

teeth, blackened by psychotropic drugs, the blue pill, as a pesticide, their hair, their eyelids fall over the thirty years of their bodies which seem to await death, frozen in clothes of shame. They are tearing down the walls. They no longer know how to walk, fleeing the gaze of the supervisors. These skinned alive, sink into silence so as not to sink into the madness that the chief psychiatrist has established to dominate.

She's the head nurse in One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest who can't stand the existence of a laughing, crying, gesticulating, singing and dancing MacMurphy. She wants her asylum populated by beings deprived of feelings, lobotomized, vegetables in her jar.

Sainte-Anne asylum promises lands without water, without trees, without hope. To surround the captive and declare him crazy, the chief psychiatrist extracts a pile of stories to turn them against him. She wants to know everything about him, his favorite dishes, the number of his shoes, his circle of friends, his medical history and his cavities, his family tree. She pursued him through his hobbies, his smells, his prophets and his cursed ones, the jumble and jumble of his life.

The head psychiatrist has the look for the job: a painted, impassive cast with a smile cut from red wax, a smooth brow, and blue eyes that say, “Too strong for you.” Too strong to beat! ".

It takes up all the space. Nothing can touch her, there is no recourse against her. Her setbacks don't make her lose. Yours make her win. Against her, it's not a question of beating her two times out of three, you have to beat her every time. If you lose just once, she wins. The Hydra in all its ugliness. The theater of cruelty. It feeds on souls and ghosts. In the hollow of her hand, a hand like a blade, she shapes the destinies of men and women. Its only horizon is zero and chaos.

She brought from distant lands and uncertain times the greatest undertakers to rummage in our minds: Frankenstein and Mephistopheles. Astounding results: weak and feeble creatures were born. Runts of a pitiful breed. Blind faces. Absent faces. They have suffered so much manipulation that they are tired of speaking, of standing. At the end of his resistance. Nothing but emptiness. No heart to pump, no veins, no brains.

The head psychiatrist wants a man without spring. He barely has a name. A counterfeit man. She wants it to be like an old clock which no longer tells the time but which does not stop either, a clock with distorted hands, with a blind frame, whose rusty chime remains

silent, an old clock continuing to emit its ticking and cooing without it meaning anything. A stuffed mannequin, exposed like this as a warning: this is the fate that awaits Hamlet and other Prince Myshkin. A rabbit who agrees to play the role that the ritual provides for him and recognizes that the wolf is stronger. It becomes shy, fearful, it flees, digs burrows at the bottom of which it hides when the wolf prowls in the area. And he supports the threat. He knows what place is assigned to him. There's little chance he'll provoke the wolf. All he needs is to become happy being a rabbit.

The chief psychiatrist is not a farmyard ogre. She's a ball eater, that's all. She attacks where it hurts the most. Have you ever been kneed in the balls during a fight?

The MacMurphys, the indomitable ones, the chief psychiatry has the shepherd's blow in store for them. She pulls out his testicles by sucking them into her mouth in turn and she spits them out and leaves them dangling like that wet and weird at the end of their strings. And he is there. He is in great pain, but even more so at the sight of his castration. He can't bring himself to touch his equipment. He screams in despair. He can no longer see the face of the architect of his helplessness. The red holes in his penis glow like lamps. As if there was a fire deeper than the fire of pain.

She doesn't need to point fingers at you, to accuse. She has a genius for insinuation. With her you always have the impression of having committed all the crimes of lust, of paranoia. She didn't brand you. All she did was lobotomize you.

You must understand that the Hydra does exist. The ball eater has not disappeared and will never disappear. We cannot say where such creatures come from or where they are likely to appear. All we can say is that they exist.

I hear the witness, sardonic, whisper to me: "And the fear will turn into fury. You want to see him that day, my little chief psychiatrist, right? When intoxicated fear turns into an arm of honor."

The witness keeps telling the zookeepers at the Sainte-Anne asylum that he is not crazy. The day they realize he is healthy, it will be too late. He will have become a creature bewitched by the moon. How many times has he surprised himself by wanting to become, in turn, a ball eater. He dreams of cutting off their ears, piercing their eyes with red-hot iron rods, cutting off their arms, filling their nostrils with bitumen, just so that they know what the distress of a man stripped of his clothes is. freedom, of his health. Less life.

Pavilion Fourteen

To Vic LOWEL who told me that dragons did not exist and then who led me to their caves .

Ken KEEY

One day, Slah took me with him to visit a friend of my father, Arnaud Viviand, a journalist. After a moment, he turns to Slah and, without asking my opinion or consulting me, or knowing my situation, or my real needs, blurts out:

- He doesn't look in good shape. Because of the exams? Maybe he needs a psychologist.

Slah responds:

- I don't know a psychologist in Paris.

Arnaud's wife intervenes:

- There is Sainte-Anne hospital in the 14th arrondissement. It offers psychiatric care.

What was good for her is necessarily not good for me. We were not in the same situation.

Slah responds:

- It doesn't concern me, it's his parents' business.

Two days later, on February 15, 2019, he asked me:

- Are you seeing a psychologist? You take medications ? You don't want to see a psychologist? We're going to Sainte Anne, it's a psychiatric hospital. And if that doesn't suit you, we'll leave again. It doesn't commit you in any way.

In the report from the Sainte-Anne asylum, they note that “I went to the asylum spontaneously accompanied by a “friend”. Fake. It was this friend, Slah, who dragged me along without asking for my rest.

Slah is a friend of my father. He has known him for twenty years. He is 49 years old, married to a German woman, Isabella, and lives in Cologne. He doesn't know me. He took advantage of my vulnerability. He didn't explain to me what mental asylums are. He insisted, he was stubborn. It is indelicate, abrupt and harsh.

What are mental asylums? I didn't know such places existed. I didn't know that you could intern a person born free without consent, force them to take chemical substances after an interview of a few minutes, and immediately declare them "sick" on the basis of a battery of false symptoms. I didn't know this bunch of terms, ''schizophrenia'', ''bipolar'', ''psychosis'', ''psychotic''.

I let it happen because he was a long-time friend of my parents. Actually, Slah set me up. He told me about a “medical file” procedure which could help me with everything administrative. “A relative was able to regularize his administrative situation in this way,” he said. It's not my case. I am a student and my situation is regular. It can't be of use to me. He insisted on the importance of the “medical file”. I asked him to send me the details of this procedure by email. He answered me with authority:

- I'm not sending you anything.
  I answered :
- We give papers like this when we have a health problem for which there is no treatment in the country of origin.

Stubbornly, he answers me:

- Look, my uncle won his case that way.

I wasn't convinced.

The common point between the people at Sainte-Anne asylum and this “friend”: they feed you false information and impose it on you through manipulation and treachery.

I gave in.

Slah lied and told me that at the psychiatric asylum, I was free to come and go whenever I wanted. He was aware of my communication and relational difficulties. I couldn't tell him 'no'.

The ''fuzzy'' request that the people of Sainte-Anne talk about in their report is none other than that of this famous medical certificate. It's not my fault. It was Slah who asked for it, on my behalf, without my consent. Fuzzy request? Why did they not specify in their report what this vague request is? “Dr” Lyna Chami, an intern of Syrian origin at the Psychiatric Orientation and Reception Center (CPOA), simply directed her questionnaire to reach her preconceived conclusions. She wanted to clarify that it was a “fuzzy request” in an intentional approach to achieve the deductions she wanted .

The atmosphere was macabre in the Sainte-Anne emergency room. They made us wait a long time. It was already 9 p.m. when a nurse arrived to ask his questions in a curt and expeditious manner. He was tired and wanted to get it over with as quickly as possible. He directed his questionnaire to get the answers he was looking for, allowing him to make a decision very quickly. Decide on my internment without consent and thus close the file.

The nurse asks me:

- Do you have suicidal thoughts?
  Me :
- No.

He checks: “Yes”. He then calls Slah to speak with Chami. The interview does not last long. I learned from Slah that they noticed that I had suicidal thoughts. I didn't expect that doctors would be able to distort what I said. I didn't know this could be done. I learned later, after the internment, that something had happened to my detriment in the interview Slah had with Chami.

Chami said to Slah:

- I'll intern him immediately
- No, don't intern him! I have to inform his parents.

Chami turns to me:

- Stay one night. One night only.

Me :

- No. No.

In the end, we were able to leave Sainte-Anne by signing a release for ''leaving against medical advice''. What is this tendentious vocabulary? To insinuate things that don't exist? To go out ? But, I never went inside . I simply went to get a medical

certificate which they refused to give me. They pretended not to understand anything by noting “fuzzy request”. I was trapped. What the hell is this? That was their first lie. Other grotesque lies will follow. I had come for a simple and precise request, I left with a reprieve.

The nurse ordered me to come back on Tuesday, February 19, 2019. This appointment was not a proposal. It was an order. An injunction. I told him :

- I can't. I have a mandatory internship related to my studies.
- If you had a fracture, you wouldn't say that. You come to this meeting. That's all.

I didn't want to come back. They left me no choice. They ordered me to come back. This meeting was not an appointment for consultation. It was a warning, a summons... I was intimidated. Under pressure. Harassed. I returned.

Slah called my mother to ask her to accompany us for the appointment on the 19th. She didn't understand why I had an appointment in a psychiatric asylum. Slah had no other concern than to convince my mother of the benefits of this meeting. The same evening, he invited us to a restaurant and stuffed us with various Lebanese dishes. My father took the 5 a.m. plane from Tunis and landed in Paris.

On Tuesday February 19, 2019 at 9 a.m., I simply went to the appointment. Slah was waiting for me outside my house. I found my parents waiting for us outside the entrance to the asylum. A premonition that something horrible was going to happen brought them here!

At CPOA, there was a long wait. The atmosphere was heavy. We were placed in two different rooms. Methods reminiscent of police practices. The accused in one room, the witnesses in another.

It was after 1 p.m. when Chami showed up. The interview with Chami this time was terse. Rather, it was an interrogation that would lead to an indictment. She judged me on appearances ''so as not to worry''. She had no other concern than to accommodate me, to move on to the next case.

- Come on ! Come on ! otherwise, we will have to redo the steps again.

She tries to get the “Yes” out of me. She urged my parents to sign the forced internment. She used subterfuges to force them to sign.

- It's just to do some analysis, we'll release it later. If he is the one who signs the internment, there is a risk that he will ask to be released and that we will not even have time to do the analyzes on him. It'll just be for a day or two. It would be better if you signed.

When I showed some resistance, they reacted with excessive violence. Slah told me:

- They're going to intern you no matter what you do. It's better to say "Yes."

Chami came to ask me:

- You have accepted ?
- No more than a week...
- All right.

She lied. She knew they were going to keep me there longer, as much as they wanted. She didn't want my consent. She went to my mother to obtain hospitalization without consent at the request of a third party. They didn't want me to sign the internment.

- He's young, he'll get over it. In three days he will be able to go out. There is the judge of freedoms and detention (JLD) who rules on the cases every day, the decision to hospitalize him will be reviewed and he will be able to leave.

Lie.

During this furtive interview, Chami judged me on appearances. ''I feel a great sadness in him.'' ''Poor air ''. The nurse mentioned my problem with communication and social interaction. I didn't know it was a problem and especially not that it was a 'symptom'. I thought we could live with it without being labeled mentally handicapped. He ends the interview with the question of ''suic*** ideas''. I felt like he was reporting on someone else. For the people of Sainte-Anne, you have to fill out forms, make a diagnosis and conclude “first psychotic episode”.

Chami gained the upper hand over me in an unfair manner. She abused a vulnerable person. She respected my rights. ''Too much work''. ''No time''. " Come on.". I tell him “No”. She's pissing me off. She summons my mother. A young supervisor took me and

took me aside in a storage room. He was authoritarian. In the storage room, there was another older, meaner supervisor. He said :

- Hospitalization.
- But, I said no!
- It's going to be yes anyway. The laws allow us to do so

I felt a great injustice. How can a man be forced to accept being deprived of his freedom? I did not do anything wrong ? How do the laws allow this? How can we pretend to help a person by forcing them to accept extreme situations? What protection did I have? How can they impose an internment that is harmful to my health by using subterfuge?

They imposed their dictates through vice, abuse, surprise, and misinformation. Incompetence, shoddy work. They go so far as to mislead my parents. Their system is based on the violation of the rights of others. The solution for them is to intern by force, use neuroleptics, place people as they wish and subject them to degrading treatments. My mother was forced to sign the Hospitalization at Third Party Request (HDT). My parents never requested to hospitalize me. It was Chami herself who whispered it to them. My parents were at the hospital that day just to accompany me for a consultation. Chami forced my parents to sign. She lied to my mother by telling her that there was the JLD who ruled on cases every day and that I would be released in two or three days at the latest.

At the beginning of the interview with my mother, Chami pretended to be gentle and kind. Then she changed her tune. She became intransigent.

- I spent a lot of time with you. I have other patients to see. I have work waiting for me. It would be better if you signed. It would be better for you to sign, otherwise it will be worse for your son.

An obvious threat. My parents stayed with Chami for 4 hours. They hesitated. They didn't want to sign. Chami did everything to force them to sign the HDT. In their report, they will summarize this episode with a truncated and dishonest sentence: “The mother who was contacted...signs the third party request”. It's as if, once contacted, my mother had simply signed, without hesitation. Lie. We end up getting you through bluffing and attrition. Requiem for Hippocrates.

In the order at the request of the asylum director which was established for the hearing before the JLD, it is mentioned that compulsory hospitalization can only take place if consent is impossible or the state of the person requires immediate care with constant or regular supervision [1] . This was not my case. They had my consent but didn't want it. I was in my full capacity of discernment and I posed no danger. My condition did not require any care or constant or regular monitoring. On February 19, 2019, I was hospitalized by force, the force of cunning.

What is hospitalization without consent? It's an internment that allows the people in the asylum to do what they want with you, without you being able to protest. It allows them to transform you into an “Object” without you being able to take legal action against them. This allows them to act with total and absolute impunity.

In the storage room, Slah asked to see me. I stayed to talk with him. It was a stupid, stupid discussion. Slah is a person you cannot talk to. Abrupt and stubborn. He does not understand simple and obvious truths. I told him that I couldn't digest the internment. Chami came to us shouting: “But, this is a dialogue of the deaf! ". Opaque and twisted methods. I got out of the storage room and went to the end of the hallway. There was the nasty supervisor, the same one who told me: “It’s going to be yes anyway, the law allows us to do it.” ". In an aggressive tone, he told me:

- What are you doing here ? Return to your room immediately! ".

The head supervisor, who must have been in his fifties, looked at me as if he cared about my well-being.

- What do you mean you don’t eat!
- It doesn't matter.

By “it doesn’t matter”, I meant: It’s my problem. Don't worry about me.

Him, furious: .

- What do you mean it's not serious?

- …What can you do?

- We will act.

He said it in a cruel and haughty tone. He was in a hurry and nervous.

- We have already decided and discussed. It's finish

While pointing his finger:

- Look, you're going to cry!

Then, before leaving, he said to me:

- You want to rest, don't you?

What rest was he talking about? How could I rest in this crazy world? I was fine before. The chief supervisor taunted me:

- It wasn't you who said you were vulnerable, naive, weak?!

Later, they will note “demeaning qualifiers”. It was the supervisor who stuck them to me.

I asked them to see my mother. They only left us together for a few minutes and then asked him to come out immediately. Around 2 p.m., they took me to pavilion 14 in an ambulance, guarded by two guards, to Dr. Gallet's department, a closed department. The next day, my parents asked to see me. Refusal. They noted in their report that I refused to see them. Lie. It is the practice of asylums to isolate any interned person for three days. I never thought I was going to be kidnapped.

In pavilion 14, Gallet, the head of the department, was supported by three supervisors and a trainee of Chinese origin, Dr. Zheng. I didn't know why I found myself there. I was their hostage. Zheng peppered me with questions. “Are you hearing voices?” ". “Are you hallucinating?” ". His questions were murky. I couldn't answer. I stuttered. I was under pressure. I remember responding to him by specifying that I did not have any “delusional ideas”. I remember telling him that I had never heard voices. In their report, they will write “hears voices and has hallucinations .”

“Do you have any 's*** ideas?' I remember responding that I never had any s*** ideas. In their report, they specified that “at the time of the clinical examination upon admission there were no suicidal thoughts or suicidal intentionality”. Why did the JLD then motivate the continuation of my internment, specifying “verbalized suicidal ideas”. Who should we believe?

The atmosphere in Pavilion 14 was stifling. I was terrified. I didn't realize what was happening. I didn't yet know the effect of

neuroleptics. That day, I understood that there were terrible people who had the power to impose their diktat. I didn't understand why I was there, nor by what right I had been placed in this sordid place. I had to bend over and obey everything they imposed on me in the hope of getting out as quickly as possible. I resigned myself to living in this upside down world. Never resist their injunction. Make them believe that I eat my fill and that I sleep like a log.

When I woke up, they subjected me to a lot of urine, blood, vitamin and STD tests [1] . I was not told what tests I was being subjected to. I had to give my arm without being entitled to any information. In the trash the Public Health Code. The right to be informed, to refuse treatment, a medical procedure, to participate in medical decisions, to consent to care were nothing more than treacherous words[2] . Here, the law, Mister Psy and his assistants.

[1] *STDs: sexually transmitted diseases, today called sexually transmitted infections STIs*

[2] *Art. L 1111-4, L 1111, 1111-11, L 1110-8, L 110-5*

At Pavilion 14, we ate three times a day (7 a.m.-1 p.m.-7 p.m.). There was also snack time at 4 p.m. The food was bland, tasteless and indigestible. From the outset, on the day of my internment, I was given pills, without informing me why I should take them or what they were for. I had to take them without flinching. A supervisor gave them to me with a glass of water and stood in front of me until I swallowed them. I found out afterwards that it was *Risperdal 2mg*[1] and Largactil[2] , one of the oldest neuroleptics, and therefore the most aggressive. Risperdal? I've never had worse. My brain felt like it was short-circuited, crushed by a rusty machine. Lethargic, eyes bulging, I wandered around like a zombie.

How much Largacil was given to me? I don't know. In the hospitalization report that we requested, total silence. Why did they fail to specify the doses? I have the right to know. Why was I prescribed these chemical bombs? These psychotropic drugs are reserved for aggressive and dangerous people… This was not my case.

I was forced to take these chemical bombs based on a misdiagnosis. A diagnosis carried out by a supervisor and an intern at 10 p.m., tired, in a hurry to finish their shift. No empathy. No concern for the well-being and health of the person. Psychological violence, biological violence. Chami took advantage of my vulnerability, of being a foreigner, not knowing the laws of the country.

Three days later, they increased the dose of psychotropic drugs without ensuring tolerance, nor checking the “therapeutic” response, as recommended by the High Authority of Health [3] . Lowering the dose instead of increasing it was not in their approach or in their practices.

The day after my internment, when I woke up, I went to see the guards and I told them:

- I want to leave the asylum, I have my studies and my internship to do.
- It's the doctors who decide.

Gallet came to my room with three guards and threatened me:

- You are here under duress. If you say one more time, I want to go out, you're not going to go out.

I then kept quiet. What constraint is she talking about? I came for a medical certificate, I find myself under duress!

[1] Risperdal: is a so-called “atypical” neuroleptic [2] Largacil: is a first generation neuroleptic (1952) [3]The good practice recommendations of the High Authority for Health recommend starting at low doses and only increasing after regular assessments of the therapeutic response and studying tolerance.

After that, they doubled the dose of Risperdal from 2 to 4 mg.

- I can't take it anymore, I want to go out .

Zheng turned to my mother:

- You can clearly see that he is delirious and that he is unreal.

Wanting to leave the asylum to resume his studies was, for Zehng, delirious and unreal. I had nothing to do in this asylum.

I started having trouble eating. Before, I had an appetite. At the asylum, I had indescribable difficulty eating. My mouth hurt. It was hard. Swallowing food was difficult for me. I had difficulty speaking. I started to lose control of my legs. I had to move all the time. I could no longer sit, I could no longer stand, I could no longer lie down. It was the impatience caused by neuroleptics. I began to have real

difficulty controlling my body and mind. I couldn't fall asleep. My sleep became broken. I woke up all the time. Before, I slept soundly. I began to feel terrible, indescribable discomfort. I had nightmares, I experienced a horrible emptiness, a loss of all sensation, all interest, all receptivity and all emotion.

The next day, following an injection, my jaw was completely deformed and my tongue was hanging out uncontrollably. Largactil distorts the mouth and causes facial paralysis. I asked Gallet what was happening to me? She ordered me to go to my room. “The nurses will take care of it. » The wait was long, interminable. My face was distorted. It was horror. I don't know how long I had to wait before the supervisors showed up. I hurt everywhere. Alone in my room, cursing the moment I had set foot in this den of madmen. Finally, the guards arrived and injected me with the antidote. They told me to wait a bit for it to take effect. After a while, an endless amount of time, my jaw returned to normal. The supervisor asks me: “Are you feeling better?” ".

Everyone is well aware of the devastating effects of this neuroleptic. However, they do not hesitate to give it away. It was traumatic. To this day, I still sometimes touch my jaw, to check that it is still in place. At no time did they doubt that I was being given the wrong “treatment” and that I simply did not need these neuroleptics. Instead of doubting, they will simply *switch from* Largactil to Tercian[1] . Another chemical bomb with devastating effects.

[1] Tercian: is a sedative neuroleptic.

They pretended not to see anything. They were blind and narrow-minded. “The treatment **quickly proved effective** …he no longer felt persecuted…”, they noted in their report. Fake. How dare they talk about effectiveness when the effect of these neuroleptics was completely devastating? How dare they talk about speed when the “treatment” usually takes two weeks to take *effect*[2] . “Sane people are not sensible all the time” [3] .

Along with Risperdal, I was given Tercian. Tercian, even if it does not produce dyskinesia, remains a very aggressive neuroleptic.

The supervisors were among themselves all the time. We rarely saw them. They stand in their glass square. When we called them, they took time to come, even if they were not busy. The psychologists were even more inaccessible. We rarely saw them. The patients were invisible. The rare times these minions were interested

in us, it was to mistreat us. They spoke to us condescendingly and sought to demean us. They reacted in a brutal and violent manner to any manifestation of resistance. When they found that they were not having the expected results, they increased the doses instead of trying to reduce them, which demonstrates their cruelty. They interpreted as they wished, distorting the words until the patient said what he had never said. " *Being sane in an insane place* " [4] .

When my parents asked to take me out, they panicked. They knew that they were within their rights, since they were the ones who had signed the internment. But even this right has been violated. They responded evasively: "Your son is better, we're taking care of him." He sleeps well. He eats well." Fake. I wasn't eating. I wasn't sleeping. Before, I ate. I was sleeping. They forced us to say "We're fine." If we are recalcitrant, they double the doses or add another symptom to keep us longer. I had to tell them "I'm fine" so they would leave me alone.

Neuroleptics caused me real anorexia, loss of appetite and immense bodily discomfort. At night it was hard. The guards came and went in our rooms to check on us. It was obvious that in the asylum I was sleeping badly. Neuroleptics interrupt sleep and disrupt it. They cause restlessness during sleep. In bed, I kept moving to alleviate this pain. I stayed awake. At night or sometimes in the afternoon, we were injected with a product in the thigh or arm. The blood was not circulating well. Another effect of neuroleptics.

[2] According to the Psyway website. MENTAL & DIGITAL HEALTH: whether for Risperdal or Largactil: "the real therapeutic effect only appears after 2 to 3 weeks of treatment. » [3] David Rosenhan, "On being sane in insane places", Science, Vol 179 [4] Ibid

I had an interview with Zheng. She instructed a long directed questionnaire. I played the game

- Do you have anxiety, dark thoughts?
- No I do not have any. I am better thanks to your care.

The first days, I received visits from Slah. Once, he brought me administrative documents to trick me. He also brought me some cakes which I gave to the supervisors.

In the room, at the start of my forced internment, there was Faouzi, a 16-year-old illegal Pakistani. Then there was Ali, a young Sudanese. There was also Sami, in his thirties, of Tunisian origin. Apparently this pavilion was designed for foreigners. In this pavilion, there were drugged people. Moreover, among the analyzes that were done to me, from the very first hours, there was one for the detection of cannabis, morphine, anatase and other narcotics. I

remember seeing a person of Indian origin, whose tongue was sticking out of his mouth all the time. I also saw a black American man horribly stupid, probably because of the neuroleptics. All these people and this atmosphere took me back to the film *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* , by Milos Forman.

Isolated, locked up, not seeing my parents coming, I asked the supervisors to call them. They refused. It was only on the third day of my internment that I was allowed to call my parents. I told my parents I wanted to see them. They told me that the asylum prevented them from visiting me. When they came, they brought me some things (clothes, towels, toothbrushes, etc.). They saw how poorly the asylum was maintained. The shower and toilets were dirty. They had to clean them. Before the visit ended, a supervisor gave them the keys to my apartment, my cell phone and other belongings that they had confiscated. Since then, my parents have visited me every day.

After three days of total isolation, my parents had to insist that I be granted a bit of freedom. They allowed me to go out for half an hour a day in the interior courtyard of pavilion 14 . Here, the few white people in the asylum were lying on the grass. They were free. In the garden, no strangers. Was it a coincidence? Segregation? I took advantage of this intimate moment with my family to insist on getting out. My father sent a message to his lawyer: “My son is interned without his consent in a place where no Westerners are seen.” A few days later, I was allowed to walk in the garden of Sainte-Anne. You always had to insist on having a right…Go out…Go out…Go out.

Gallet and his team had an interview with my parents. Gallet, Zheng and two supervisors were sitting behind a desk. Gallet stood in the middle. My parents were opposite. *A face to face* . It was not a kind interview. The atmosphere was unhealthy and the environment was noxious. My parents played along. Gallet asked questions. My parents answered. Gallet pretended to listen. She already had her diagnosis. Forced diagnosis inducing stigma and mortification. It was all just theater. Protocol requires. My parents tried to make them understand that I was nothing like they imagined. In vain. Gallet persisted and his team acquiesced. It was comical. Faced with my parents' arguments, Galet, exasperated, blurted out: “We're going to do an encephalogram to see if he's autistic. ". Lie. We don't do an encephalogram to detect autism. Gallet was arrogant. His relationship with patients was based on opacity. Why does she use

these devious methods? They had the possibility of imposing the encephalogram on me, as they imposed their shots, their injections and their Blue pills on me. Intellectual dishonesty. Professional dishonesty. Lack of ethics. Institutionalized lie.

During this interrogation, everything my parents say will be used to support the request for forced hospitalization. This request will be submitted to the JLD for validation. “Everything you say will be held against you.” Worse yet, they will make my parents say what they never said. My parents never said that I exhibited delusions and persecution. Forgery and use of forgery.

A verbal diarrhea to make me put on the straitjacket: delusions, persecution, conspiracy, regression, suic*** ideas, imaginative, intuitive, automatism, disorganization, mannerism, apragmatism, poor, blunt ..., delusional ideas, strange contact, poor speech, interpretative, conspiracy, persecution, hallucinations, communication problems… A *shakshuka* [1] .

At the CPOA, on the day of my internment, the first question I was asked: “Where does your communication problem come from?” ". A question that reveals the incompetence of the asylum staff. Ridiculous. The ridiculousness that kills. Communication issues were not a concern for me. On the other hand, neuroleptics made me lose all ability to interact and adapt. “The slowdown” they spoke of was unreal, non-existent. Before neuroleptics, the person had all their vitality, their energy, their motivation, their sensations. With neuroleptics the person walks slowly and is really slow in their movements. The person becomes a human wreck.

[1] Chakchouka: it's a popular Tunisian dish, a sort of marmalade where all kinds of ingredients are mixed: onions, tomatoes, peppers, eggplant, peppers, eggs... Chakchouka also means an insane mixture.

I don't know how their brains work. What would be Gallet's interest in keeping me? She was indignant: “Do you think we want to keep him? We need beds. ". Gallet, like his peers, believes in internment. Gallet has every interest in pavilion 14 being populated. What would Gallet's service be if there were no new crazy people? What would its service be if there were no new simpletons caught at the bottom of the door by a trainee, questionnaire in hand, like a poacher, rifle in hand, on the lookout for lost prey in the middle of forest, to decorate the walls of the asylum with lobotomized heads.

One day, a supervisor brought me a document that I had to sign. I signed without reading. Sedated, could I really read and understand what I had to sign? Did I have the option not to sign? And, if I didn't sign, they would see this as a symptom and increase the dose of neuroleptics. The JLD validated the continuation of my internment without consent. Gallet endorsed what was decided by Chami. The JLD approved Gallet's decision. All this was just an administrative formality to confirm an abusive hospitalization, decided in a few minutes by an intern. It was a mock hearing. Who is this judge of freedoms and detention? Could he be an official of the administration of Sainte-Anne? And then, who is this lawyer? And what is this parody where my parents were pushed aside and they dictate to you what you have to say?

On the documents given to me, we could read: Tribunal de grande instance de Paris. Court. Trial. Hearing. Judge. Lawyer. Judgement. Accusations. Charge...all this is happening within the confines of an asylum. It felt like a trial. The JLD’s notification was staggering. He was talking about behavioral problems at home. It evokes the noise at night. Accusations without witnesses. Decision without second opinion. The asylum and the justice system and the lawyer were in cahoots. All judges. I was an exquisite culprit.

I went to the hearing without my parents. The summons did not reach them. It was sent to them once everything had been decided and approved. Intentional act? The asylum could easily send the mail on time so that my parents could attend the hearing. The summons or Notice of Hearing was received after the deadline. It was signed on February 27, 2019, a Wednesday, for the hearing on Friday March 1, 2019 at 9 a.m. Assuming that the summons was posted on the same day it was signed, which is unlikely, it was impossible to receive the summons before the day of the hearing. In any case, the summons was received after a month. If the summons had been received in time, my parents would have asked for the restraint to be lifted.

The court-appointed lawyer said to me: “Do you know that Sainte-Anne is a psychiatric hospital? ". She showed me the report that overwhelmed me: ''suicidal thoughts'', ''weight loss'', ''high-pitched voice'', ''do not look in the eyes'', ''slowing down' '', ''delusional ideas'', ''often asks to go out''.

I never said I had suicidal thoughts. Concerning the weight loss, They didn't know my weight and I don't remember them weighing me. In any case, neuroleptics suppress your appetite. High-pitched voice ? My voice has never been high-pitched. Slowing down? If

there is a slowdown, it is due to their neuroleptic. And then since when do these symptoms give rise to internment without consent?

I was summoned the same morning. So I couldn't call my parents or the family lawyer. The JLD didn't show up, but I assumed it must be him when he asked me if I wanted to go out. I replied: “I want to stay but without the constraint”. I said “I want to stay” because I was warned to say that or it would be used as a damning presumption. I wanted the decision to be up to me. I am told that I must answer “yes or no”. The hearing was quick. The lawyer did nothing to defend me. She was there to support the asylum request.

My parents were away. I was alone in front of stone judges. The judge decided to extend my internment. I said: “I want to stay but lift the constraint”. Gallet had warned me: “If you say I want to go out, you will never go out.” The judge supported his decision, repeating the same logorrhea of Sainte-Anne: “depression”, “behavioral disorders”, “denial of disorders”...

The JLD complicit in the asylum? Legalized abuse? Without a second opinion, without a tenor from the bar, can the judge invalidate Mister Psys' decision? When Kouchner's law was promulgated establishing the JLD within the asylum, the psychologists cried out for the “judicialization of their “profession”. Today, we no longer hear their voices.

The hearing took place on the eleventh day. Contrary to what Chami claimed, the hearings do not take place every day, but before the expiration of the twelfth day, as stated in the decision. It's the law. Chami lied deliberately.

Monday, February 25, I received a decision to maintain the position for a renewable period of one month. This decision is taken 72 hours after admission to the asylum by decision of the director. Decision taken on the proposal of a medical certificate drawn up the same day at 10:30 a.m. by Gallet. She barely saw me during my entire internment. The decision was signed on February 23. I only received it two days later.

I informed my father. He saw red. I heard him raise his voice. He asked to take me out. Gallet pretended not to hear. Since then she no longer greets my father and avoids meeting him. The day after the quarrel with Gallet, my father had to bring her gifts, to prevent her from increasing the doses and increasing her nastiness towards me.

It is mentioned in this decision to maintain that I was informed of the right to submit my observations by any means and of the right to appeal against this decision. Fake. Omerta.

My parents no longer have access to Gallet. They submitted their requests to the supervisors. I talked constantly about my desire to leave the asylum.

At the Sainte-Anne refreshment bar, there is human misery. The Wretched of the Earth on giant screen. There were people who were drugged. Others were completely packed. There was a Frenchman who spoke about Christ. He was a Christian, but he admired Islam. He said: “Islam is the best religion because there is no distinction between the prophets”.

At the asylum, we were forced to do bogus activities: TV, billiards, table tennis, board games, watch a film and review it, go shopping with nurses, prepare food and play sports. It doesn't make sense when all receptivity is lacking, when we are stupefied by neuroleptics which block dopamine [1] . They use it to ridicule the patient considered unfit to make social combinations. These activities are part of their therapy based on surveillance, confinement and false interviews. The guardians of human distress.

The day after the quarrel with Gallet, my father brought back a lawyer. Right after, she became a little less haughty. She understood that things were going to get bad. She told me that I was going to be transferred to another ward , ward K, that of Dr. Hauseux.

- Am I going out soon?
- No

It is mentioned in this decision to maintain that I was informed of the right to submit my observations by any means and of the right to appeal against this decision. Fake. All of this, in practice, is not respected. Here, the law is Gallet and his team who make it and impose it without discussion.

Zheng called my father, “Your son is fine.” I asked her for details on my final exit, she didn't like it: “Is it over?! »

I no longer understood anything. The JLD had just ratified the decision to maintain my internment. The same day, they decided to transfer me to an open ward.

[1] Dopamine: pleasure molecule

Pavilion K

If mental health and insanity exist, how can we recognize them?

David L. Rosenhan

After a fortnight, I was allowed to go out for a night. It was the first time I was released from the asylum. I thought about never coming back. I told my parents about it. : “We are returning to Tunisia. ". I regret going back because what happens next is mind-blowing. In my apartment, I noticed that I no longer had any pleasure when I got under the covers. I felt terrible discomfort, a horrible emptiness.

The next day I came back. In Pavilion K, the walls were cold, the windows were old, which gave it a monastery atmosphere. It was less gloomy than pavilion 14. There was less surveillance. In the room there was a patient from Eastern Europe. Then I was left alone. The bed was vacant for quite some time. In pavilion 14 also the bed next to it remained without an occupant for a certain time. Overwhelmed psychiatric asylums? I doubt. In Sainte-Anne, we chase away flies and retouch tarbouches.

Then there was the young Sudanese from Pavilion 14. In Pavilion K, as in Pavilion 14, the patients were stunned, under the effect of neuroleptics. There was also another Sudanese who was completely confused. They force-fed him neuroleptics. I didn't see the young Pakistani again. I remember they gave him an injection. The Tunisian and the Algerian from pavilion 14 left.

In Pavilion K, a supervisor took patients to do outdoor activities. Just like in pavilion 14, supervisors and psychologists were separate. They were inaccessible. I continued to eat nothing. Just a few bites at lunch and dinner survive. There was a housekeeper who exclaimed: “But he doesn't eat anything, the gentleman! ". At night, a supervisor with a hanging belly gave us the big blue pill. Sleep was interrupted, shallow with nightmares and impatience . One patient spoke of the slowness of time. “Here, Time out. »

I was always standing in front of the big clock in the hallway, waiting for my parents. The parents of other patients rarely came to visit them.

I had an interview with the head of department, Pierre Hauseux. He asked me a few trivial questions about my studies. He also asked me if my parents' visit was comforting. He asked me other questions related to my internment. Hauseux asked simple, banal questions . He was not in domination, unlike Chami, Gallet and Zheng. But like them, his questions were bogus and did not call into question their approaches. He never doubted or questioned their diagnosis. “On the simple certificate of a doctor, only one, subject to error, a man, in possession of all his faculties, can be locked up until his death in one of these establishments euphemistically called: nursing home”. 120 years after this observation by Albert Londres, Hauseux did not want to see that my place is not among the mad.

Hauseux spoke with my parents. They explained to him that I had none of the symptoms mentioned, that everything I said was real, that it was not hallucinations, that I was never suicidal. He remained placid. My parents also talked about Chami's episode at CPOA, where she lied to them. She swore I would be out in a day or three. Hauseux listened without reacting. Like his peers, he kept quiet when my parents raised the issue of taking me out. My parents negotiated a reduction in the dosage of neuroleptics. He lightened the “treatment”. Risperdal was reduced from 4 to 2 mg. But from there to taking the initiative to get me out, by opposing Gallet's decision, that's another kettle of fish. He kept me at their house for a week before releasing me.

Chami, Gallet, Zarzour and Hausseux, were all in the same approach. No one questioned the diagnosis or the reasons for my internment. All it took was for one trainee to make her diagnosis for everyone to validate. What is a diagnosis, if it is only the fruit of interpretations, looks, speculations, misunderstandings, sentences that are poorly understood, poorly formulated, misheard, poorly expressed, of things left unsaid and of too much said. Built on the basis of questions and answers carried out in improbable conditions, under duress, within a framework of suspicion and malevolence. Is it an exact science? A soul scanner? Without errors? Without omissions? *El Jahl*[1] in all its splendor . C hosify, park instead of treating.

Two or three days later, I had a short interview with Dr. Zarzour, a trainee of Lebanese origin, and Dr. Fabrice Rivollier, head of the Young Adults and Adolescents Center (CJAAD).

Rivollier prescribed me, far from any scientific approach, the delayed injection of Abilfy to guarantee its effect for 28 days.

Jahl[1]: Arabic word untranslatable into French. It means ignorance coupled with despotism, the force of evil and barbarism. As an example, Faraon plays ElJahl .

On Friday March 8, at 11 a.m., I was allowed to go out for a long weekend outside the asylum. Good news. Soon I'm going out for good.

I felt the devastating effects of neuroleptics more and more. They make you lose all desire, all will to act and react. I was stunted. I moved in slow motion. I was impatient. I sometimes lost my footing. I couldn't sit down for more than a minute. I had even lost the ability to sneeze, a basic need. We spoke with Hauseux about my slow pace, the dazed state, the impatience... Which surely encouraged him to lighten the treatment and send me out after a week.

Monday March 11, I returned to Pavilion K accompanied by my parents. Hauseux was absent. Zarzour announced to me: “We have lifted the constraint.” They abandoned their decision to keep me for a renewable month. The psychologists overturned the judge's decision.

In the office, I walked back and forth. Zarzour asked me:

- How do you feel ?
- I feel like someone else. I feel knocked out. I walk in slow motion.
- Yes, we noticed that you have a slight slowdown.

To which my father replied:

- He was always an active and dynamic child. When I went out with him, I couldn't keep up with him because he walked so fast. Now he's the one who can't keep up with me. He walks far behind me, his stride is so slow .

I collected a few things, then we headed to the administration. They gave me the address of the Psychiatric Medical Center (CMP).

Before leaving Sainte-Anne, Zarzour prescribed me Abilify retard 400 mg + Abilify oral 20 mg + Tercian. High dose injectable + high dose oral. A dose of horse. Why this overdose? There is 300 mg, but these people chose to give me 400 mg. She told me to come back for the injection. I had become passive. I gave in and took the injection without flinching. She convinced my parents that “I was having problems and was not doing well, and that if I stopped the injection there was a risk of a serious relapse.” Threat of re-hospitalization. All these circumstances meant that I gave in without the slightest resistance.

When I spoke with my father about the dose (max injection + oral max + Tercian), he said:

- They are crazy.

-He will get used to it, assured Zarzour.

My father took advantage of this interview to tell him, not without raising his voice:

- It's a zombie. Can he study in this state? He can't do anything; I prefer him sick to being undead.

Zarzour remained impassive:

- The dose will be adjusted gradually.

Zarzour minimized the effects of neuroleptics. Get used to hell? Anything. There are people who have committed suicide because of neuroleptics.

With the injection, I was still at Sainte-Anne even though I was outside.

At the CMP I had other talks with Zarzour. I was always accompanied by my parents. She asked them out and asked me personal and indiscreet questions. The inquisition.

My father asked Zarzour to stop prescribing me the injectable, which she flatly refused. He insisted, arguing that I could not continue to live disjointedly. The discussion was tight. Before leaving, my father said to him:

- Did we really have to bombard him with neuroleptics?
- He is symptomatic. It comes from his illness. He must take the injection for life.

To say that impatience or other effects caused by neuroleptics are due to what they call “disease” was the height of cynicism. It is obvious that impatience or other effects are caused by a chemical that acts on the brain. With neuroleptics I no longer thought, I no longer reflected, I no longer enjoyed, I no longer controlled my actions. No more feelings, no more emotions, no more pleasure….

Faced with this murderous silence, my father sent him a letter:

From the height of my dismay, the dismay of a father who sees his son wasting away, wild-eyed, taciturn, livid face, slow-moving gait. Lobotomized. At the Sainte-Anne asylum, Dr. Chami and Dr. Gallet promised me a speedy recovery. " Trust us. He's still young. He'll get better soon. », they say. Unfortunately, two months since

his forced hospitalization, my son seems to be dislocated. “Hope has been smashed against a wall of steel,” Mayakovsky declaimed. “I want to become normal again, as before. Being capable of joy, of sadness. ", my son asks, constantly, since his release from the asylum on March 12, 2019 . Become normal again? Being independent, managing your daily life, taking pleasure in the little things in life: eating, washing, walking, sleeping...There, now, he is totally dependent. He has a phobia of being alone, having lived for four years alone in Paris. “I’m no longer the same person,” he says. He doesn't know if he is content, happy, unhappy, angry? All he knows is that he has lost sight of his life. “I don’t think so anymore,” he said. A disaster for whom thinking is an identity. He asks: “Treating a human being does not mean making them feel well-being ? ".

When I left Sainte-Anne, there were no longer any restrictions regarding the injection. There was no longer any control regarding oral intake, since I was outside. But I continued to follow the CMP instructions for two more months. I was under their influence.

During the next interview, I was pacing back and forth. Zarzour said nothing. I told him about impatience:

- I can't sit down anymore. I no longer control my legs. I no longer feel any pleasure. ".
- And before that, do you have pleasures?

Insensitive and cruel. How can she pretend not to see the atrocity of their actions? This is self-evident. Without the neuroleptics, I was better.

Neuroleptics block dopamine. They block all sensation, all emotion. A vegetable. You're no longer. Even animals and plants feel fear and joy. With neuroleptics, we become nothing, less than nothing. She asked questions. I was answering.

- What are you missing?
- Sleep.
- And what else?
- Eat.
- And what ?
- Play.
- To play what ?

She continues:

- Dr. Gallet, do you remember her?

- Yes.

How could I forget him? How could I ever forget him?

- She noticed a slowdown.

- I've never been like this before. Now I'm slowing down in everything and everywhere. I don't sleep anymore, I don't eat anymore. I don't know what Gallet may have noticed or observed anything.

At the asylum, from the first day, I was on high-dose neuroleptics. She very rarely saw me. The few times she saw me, it happened quickly.

Zarzour asks me:

- Are you still thinking about the conspiracy?
- No.

I gave her the answer she wanted to hear. Conspiracy? I never mentioned this word. However, it stuck to me like a wart on my nose. Who said anything about conspiracy? Slah. Because of a word that I never said at the CPOA or at the asylum, they think I'm delusional, that I'm hallucinating. They decided to intern me and inject me with high doses of neuroleptics until I made myself crazy.

At the end of his questionnaire, which had all the makings of a police interrogation, Zarzour consults Hauseux. She talks about the fact that I lost the pleasure of eating, sleeping and playing. Hauseux decides to stop oral Aripiprozole. It was better than nothing. At the CMP, I was told to stop the Tercian, which confirms its dangerousness. Zarzour , who was an intern, did not make decisions on her own, unlike Chami, also an intern with no experience and without great skills, who decided on my own internment. Dr. K, a liberal specialist, whom I consulted when I left Sainte-Anne, said “Gestapo methods.”

My mother wrote a missive to Hauseux and Zarzour. It exposed the inconsistencies contained in their report. These psychologists report facts that my parents never told. In this letter, it is pointed out that since I took the neuroleptics, I eat and drink without pleasure, and that I have broken sleep. No libido and impatience galore. My condition got worse. No response was given to this letter. Did they keep it or did they throw it in the trash to erase the traces of their determination?

Chami, Zarzour, Gallet, Zheng, Hauseux are in denial.

I said to Zarzour:

- The 2018-2019 school year is ruined.
- It doesn't matter.
- I have a mandatory internship and exams to prepare for, you forcibly interned me and you ruined everything.
- Your condition was so worrying that you had to be hospitalized.

They decided to intern me without taking my experience into account. They decided I was having hallucinations and suicidal thoughts. No matter how much I told them that it wasn't reality...They didn't want to hear it. Age and appearance reinforced their approach. For them, I was a textbook case.

They released me after Rivollier prescribed Abilify Maintena[1] , in a delayed form . I was interned on February 19, 2019. I stayed in solitary confinement for three days. After 72 hours, my internment under restraint was decided for a renewable period of one month. Before the expiration of the twelfth day, there was a mock audience. The day of the JLD's decision, I was transferred to a K' ward. I was prescribed the delayed injection and was told that the restriction had been lifted. A whole process. A classic protocol. Everything is coordinated for an average duration of 21 days.

To put it simply, Chami decided on my internment in the most arbitrary way. Gallet only followed the procedure. The director of Sainte-Anne only endorsed the decision taken by Chami. The JLD validated and condemned. Hauseux, Zarzour, everyone follows. Nobody doubts. A formal ballet. Grotesque decision made based on interpretations. Is there a JLD, just one, who opposed Mister Psy? The excessive use of neuroleptics gives them power, influence over patients. They only see us as cases that guarantee their professional advancement. The asylum had to be full to exist. Asylum gives them privileges and power. In 2020, Gallet, Hauseux, Zarzour, Torsiac, left Sainte-Anne to open a private practice. Only Chami clings to it.

We asked to meet Jean-Luc Chassaniol, director of Sainte-Anne to raise our complaints. He was noticeably absent.

[1] Abilify Maintena, in delayed form, is a psychotropic injection whose effect lasts 28 days. The injection is taken once a month

Dr Mabuse

I am terribly shocked by people who tell you that we are free, that happiness can be decided, that it is a moral choice. The teachers of joy for whom sadness is a lack of taste, depression a mark of laziness, melancholy a sin. I agree, it is a sin, it is even mortal sin, but there are people who are born sinners, who are born damned, and all their efforts, all their courage, all their good will do not help. will not tear themselves away from their condition. Between people who have a cracked core and others, it's like between the poor and the rich, it's like class struggle, we know that there are poor people who get by but most, no, don't get out of it, and telling a melancholic person that happiness is a decision is like telling a hungry person that they only have to eat brioche.

Emmanuel Carrère

Lucidity dictates to you: “No psychologist”. If one day you inadvertently find yourself in a mental institution, run away. Yes, do it. The asylum has no right to keep you. And, it is not a “diagnosis” that can justify your incarceration. Save yourself so that you won't be taken advantage of. Save yourself so you don't go crazy.

We will always keep you in the asylum. Inside and out, Mister Psy has his eye on you. You will be given an intramuscular injection

in the buttocks or shoulder. The injection is an injunction. You must go to the CMP every 28 days to undergo “outpatient treatment”. They force you to follow their “care” protocol except that there’s nothing healthy about it.

Before the second injection, I felt very bad. I told my parents about it. We called “Dr” Martinez to find out. She is a private psychologist. I consulted him twice before internment for a medical certificate. She didn't seem to remember me. He was informed that I had been interned. “He’s in pain,” my father said. The expression is extremely weak to convey my ordeal. Martinez responds dryly: “He has to take his injection. It's necessary. If he feels unwell, it will pass.” Martinez responded without asking for the asylum report, without consulting my file. She does not have any. For her, it's automatic: Sainte-Anne prescribed it to me, I have to take it. Not an ounce of doubt.

I consulted Martinez on January 30, 2019. Apparently, I did not choose the right address. His office was damp and cramped. The cramped waiting room. Dark. His office had everything of a fortune teller's room. It gives goosebumps.

I talked about my little worries. She asked a few questions. She seemed to be listening. She pretended to agree. At the end of the consultation, she becomes busy and rushed. She scribbles a prescription: “I'm going to give you some medicine that will help you concentrate. Do you agree that you need it to help you prepare for your exams and help you concentrate?” " You're taking it ? “, she orders.

She doesn't give me time to find out about the nature of the 'medication' or why she prescribed it to me.

She prescribed Abilfy 5mg for me to deal with my supposed overwork and to help me concentrate. Why did she use this neuroleptic? Even at low doses, neuroleptics do not treat or relieve. They kill slowly. She took the easy way out.

These psychologists, whether privately or in public, use the same easy solutions to sell you their mixture. Common points: Failing to mention the harmful effects of neuroleptics. Prescribing them in record time without trying to understand the roots of the discomfort and ignoring the patient's experience and particularities is professional levity.

Martinez does everything without the patients' knowledge. She offers you the big blue pill for a trip to fool's paradise. I asked a pharmacist:

- What is Abilify for?
- It is used to be good all the time, sometimes not good and sometimes not good at all .

Martinez lied. She gave a harmful product that does not cure and causes real physical harm.

In a moment of carelessness, I took Abilify 5mg for a week. Certainly, I did not feel the complete emptiness as at Sainte-Anne, but I experienced a weakening of emotions. Impatience appeared a few days later. These impatience did not have the same violence as at Sainte-Anne. All the horrible effects experienced at the asylum were not all caused by Abilify but also by the other neuroleptics. Everything returned to normal when I stopped taking Abilify 5 mg.

After a week, Tuesday February 9, 2019, I showed up for the second appointment. I said to Martinez:

- I'm stopping Abilify. It causes me impatience.
- Take it ! Take it !
- I can't. It causes impatience in my legs and real discomfort.
- Take it, take it...

I stand by my position. She replies to me:

- I'm not going to come to your house and make you take it...
- I will take natural products to help me like fenugreek.

I spoke to him politely. She was bossy.

- Take it every other day.
- No, I won't take it.

Having failed to convince me of the usefulness of this medication, she said to me in an exasperated tone:

- This is not serious !

I listed the benefits of fenugreek to him. She responded in a malicious tone:

- If you want to concentrate on your studies, you have to take it.

At Sainte-Anne, as at Martinez, I mentioned the problem of concentration, without going on too long. It was a detail. They detected a symptom in this. Just like when I spoke about my experience. They saw hallucinations, delirium. Before the asylum, I

had nothing serious that could justify this horse treatment. I had all my abilities. I was healthy in body and mind. I took care of myself. With the neuroleptics, I couldn't study or do anything. It was reported to Zarzour, but she didn't care. Maybe I was his thesis subject. We imagine the title: “Sick in Denial”.

When talking about concentration with Martinez, it was not cognitive brain capacity I was talking about, but in a general, even anecdotal, way. Misinterpretation of my words. They take what suits their approach and corresponds to their theories to detect these famous “symptoms” and justify the prescription of neuroleptics. We give neuroleptics like we give candy.

When I asked for a medical certificate, Martinez became hurried: “I don’t know you well enough. ". Yet did she know me well enough to give me Abilify? A single session was enough for him, without doing any analyses, to prescribe it to me.

She urges me to trust her. It is a relationship between a patient and a professional, not a vulgar meeting between two strangers. This response “I don’t know you well enough” has no place. With such psychological and moral violence, she gains a psychological advantage and becomes inaccessible. I had to deal with a street vendor.

With neuroleptics, you absolutely cannot concentrate. This is self-evident. It is a chemical lobotomization operation and not a surgical one. Neuroleptics definitely prevent you from concentrating. You are in a state of real slowing down of the body and movements as well as the mind and brain. They block all sensation and emotion, destroy intelligence, reflection, imagination, cut off sleep, cause tearing and cracking of the lips. Impossible to sneeze. Your memory is weakened. You can't think anymore. Totally washed out. You plunge into nothingness.

After I left Sainte-Anne, Dr. k asked me to see Martinez to ask for a report that explains why she prescribed Abilify 5 mg. Unlike the other two times when I was alone, she could no longer be in opacity. She mentioned my communication difficulties, my slight stutter. I have never stuttered in my life. I may be shy, but is that a reason to prescribe Abilify?

To these people, we are all sick. You talk too much, “sick ”. You don't speak, 'sick'. You are fat, “sick”. You're skinny, 'sick'. You are sad, 'sick'. You are shy, “sick”. You're clean, ''sick''. You are mannered, ''sick''. You have an imagination, “sick”. You are lonely, 'sick'. You are negative, 'sick'. You have no friends, 'sick'. You don't

talk much, ''sick''. Poverty of language, 'sick'. Low voice, “sick”. You play with children, ''sick''. You're scared, 'sick'. Even your voice that the good Lord gave you can be used as a symptom against you. And, beware, if you have a high-pitched voice, you are seriously ill.

Did they not know that man comes from dreams? The trees walk at night, the sheep flower in summer, and the fish thirst in the water.

Martinez, like the people of Sainte-Anne, mentioned my clothes and the scribble on my jacket. She said, “Poor air.” “Scribbling on clothes”. Does that justify the firing squad?

She mentioned the hallucinations. My mother corrected him:

- These are not hallucinations. It is reality. Everything he said is true. This is just a figment of his imagination. Why did you prescribe these psychotropic drugs to him? We are against it.
- Look, care is free, unless a person is dangerous to themselves or others. In this case, the prefect can intern him automatically.
- Can you give us a medical report justifying the prescription of Abilify?
- I can't.

She refused to give me a medical report because she never compiled a file. Otherwise, how can you explain your refusal when it is an acquired right.

On April 12 afternoon, I reluctantly went for the second injection of Abilify retard 400mg. The neuroleptics and the threats of re-internment have blunted my decision-making power. My father, who accompanied me, asked an Algerian student, the nurse on duty:

- What effects can this injection cause?
- Just a fever and a few contractions.

Lying has become a national sport in the psychiatric society. The primary effect of neuroleptics is to block receptors in the nervous and cerebral systems. Neuroleptics block dopamine, the hormone responsible for emotions.

March 14, first injection, in pavilion K, left arm. A third appointment has been set for the afternoon of May 10, 2019. March-April-May, a terrible quarter. But it was less terrible than at Sainte-Anne. I didn't have to endure the cruelty of the henhouse guests.

I continued to go to the day hospital and the CMP. At the same time, I sought the opinion of other practitioners to confirm or refute the diagnosis of the people of Sainte-Anne.

” Rachenko ’s door . He was content to go through the report of Sainte-Anne. That's all. Without asking me the slightest question, the purpose of the consultation.

- What do you want me to tell you, that this is all false?

Does Rachenko, a European from Eastern Europe, top of his class, comfortably installed in Paris, have any other choice than to confirm the report from the temple of psychology?

Ignoring any scientific approach, he only approved a diagnosis without asking himself questions, without asking me questions, without making the effort to make his own diagnosis. He didn't wonder why I went to Sainte-Anne. The words contained in the report did not appeal to him: “Fuzzy request”, “suicidal ideas, “hallucinations”... He was content to recognize the harmful effects of Abilify. He prescribed me Solian[1] in small doses. “The smallest dose,” he clarified. A classic among psychologists: “Change the name of the medication”.

It's not his body that's suffering.

Worse than Abilify, Solian.

The CMP referred me to the day hospital. The entrance was secured by a security guard. A nightmarish place, Sainte-Anne by day. We saw “Dr” Jean de Boisset de Torsiac :

- At the day hospital, there are activities that stimulate intelligence, memory and thinking.
- I have a good memory !
- That's good, but you have to do activities so that these great abilities don't get lost.

These activities have no meaning, since all receptivity is cut off. Neuroleptics destroy the abilities of memory, intelligence, thinking and imagination. These activities at the day hospital are bogus and ridiculous. They infantilize the patient. I asked Torsiac :

- Do these activities help combat the effects of neuroleptics?
- No, on the other hand, they help to fight against the progression of the disease and its ravages.

That's crazy. Here, we spread the disease all the time.

The food was bad. I was wondering how can you eat it? I spent my time looking at the clock in the hallway. The session lasted three hours. An eternity. I spent the time going back and forth because of impatience. A supervisor told me: “It’s the drugs that are doing this

to you. You need to talk to the doctor to reduce the dose.” When Torsiac was informed, he reassured me:

- I know it's hard for you to sit down. It will pass. What activities do you want to do?
- Is this obligatory? I do other activities outside of the day hospital.

I was looking for an exemption. I wanted to sleep. At night, my sleep was disturbed.

There was a nurse, of North African origin, Nassima. She played cards with the patients. She harassed me on the phone:

Why didn't you come yesterday?

Solian [1]: is a so-called atypical neuroleptic.

Nassima and the neuroleptics were too much.

Torsiac looked at me:

- What did you expect ? Here, all we can do is give you a medical certificate to say that you are not fit to take the exams.

He gave me a medical certificate to justify my absences from classes.

I said to Torsiac:

- Dr. K says I'm not sick. He has another approach.
- You came, you are sick.

The lawyer, appointed by the court, made this clear to me:

- You know well that Sainte-Anne is a psychiatric hospital.

Eh, no, I didn't know that.

A friend of my father took me with him in his car to the day hospital. When he saw the atmosphere there, he said:

- What the hell is he doing here? If it were my son, he would never set foot there again.

He was shocked by the state of the “sick people”, around forty on average, arranged in a circle. My father replied:

- You're right. It's not his place.

With the cessation of Tercian and oral Abilify, I went from a phase of extreme suffering (nocturnal restlessness and extreme discomfort), to a phase where the torture is less violent, the emptiness less suffocating. End of nocturnal impatience, daytime ones less strong. I could sit for longer without feeling the need to get up immediately. I could stand without needing to move. Sleep became slightly longer and less broken, the approach more determined. I looked less stupid.

At the time of the events, I was 22 years old, a young foreigner, suffering from problems in relationships and social communication, with little experience in life, vulnerable, accumulating deep inside a heavy experience. Regarding my slumped state, my slowed gait, Zarzour said:

- It's light, it's nothing. We have already noticed that it is slow-moving in nature.
- He is no longer motivated. He doesn't want to do anything.
- It comes from his illness.

It was always the same refrain.

Reading through St. Anne's account, Dr. K exclaimed:

- Anything ! Badly written. A towel. An unworthy report. how did they detect the “hallucinations and voices”? How did they detect “suicidal thoughts”? And even if there are hallucinations or voices, that does not mean being “sick”.

Then he addressed me:

- You have nothing. You are not sick. Abilify should be stopped immediately without reducing the dose. The “antidepressant” dose that some psychiatrists prescribe can cause serious depression and provoke suicidal thoughts***.

I stopped taking neuroleptics. Dr. K even advised me not to go to the day hospital and to be wary of them:

- They may put you in a corner and give you the injection, or even dissolve a pill on your plate. Be careful!

I went to the CMP one last time. Hauseux asked me a few banal questions, like who went with me the day I was hospitalized, his age, who was he to me, where does he live? Always the same questions that lead nowhere. He noticed that I was feeling better. Probably following stopping oral Abilify.

- I find you more smiling.

On May 10, 2019 **,** I did not take the third injection . I received calls from the day hospital and the CMP. A CMP nurse called me:

- You didn't come to take the injection.
- Is it obligatory?
- it is better that you take it.

An evasive answer to a specific question.

I also received a call from Nassima, the hospital nurse of the day. She harassed me:

- You didn't come.
- Hello, hello, yes, no, it's okay
- Why didn't you come yesterday?

Trin…Trin…Trin…

- For what ?
- Hello? Hello…
- For what ?
- Yes, yes…um…um…
- You didn't come to take your injection. If you don't take your injection, you risk being the same as before.
  As if she knew what I was like before.
- Yes, I want to go back to the way I was before. I was good.
- You are alone ?
-

I pass him Slah, the person who took me to the asylum:

- Stop harassing him. You just added another trauma to his past trauma. I'm shocked. You forcibly interned him and treated him like an elephant. He comes and goes all the time. He doesn't sleep anymore. He doesn't eat anymore. You made him a zombie.

He hangs up on her. That was the last time I saw Slah. I never spoke to him again.

I also received a call from Hauseux. He was less aggressive than Nassima:

- The fact that you are followed privately does not prevent you from going to the CMP.

We had a call from Torsiac and even other calls from the CMP. To put an end to this manhunt, I had to be firm, even threatening. This is how I freed myself from the CMP and the day hospital. They never called or contacted me again.

During this period, I felt bad. When I managed to fall asleep, it was disturbed sleep. I woke up several times because of nighttime restlessness. I had muscle contractions in my right thigh. It is obvious that the injection is more harmful than oral Abilify. In mid-May, during the withdrawal period, the void was total. Emotions and sensations were completely blocked. At the end of June, emotions and sensations began to rise again. The impatience had almost disappeared, but the horrible emptiness was still there. Sleep was slightly better. We can speak of a convalescence phase.

The injection is supposed to work for 28 days. In reality, the effects of Abilify depot last for 70 days. The effects of neuroleptics last about three months after they are suspended. One month of intense effects, plus two months of lesser effects. By the end of August, emotions, sensations and deep sleep were restored. I was no longer impatient.

The sidereal void, the nightmares and the dark world were no longer there. I was getting closer to my former, healthy, normal self. I felt noticeably better. The more the effects of the neuroleptics diminished, the better I felt. The watery eyes and aches are gone. I returned to activities with a little more vigor, motivation and excitement. I could walk better, react better. I was no longer completely slumped.

But taking neuroleptics had serious consequences on my psychological state. I could no longer return to a normal life. I couldn't really concentrate anymore. I could no longer study. I no longer had any plans. I no longer had a dream. I felt bad about myself. It was like I had been drained. Disgusted. The disruption of the hormonal system caused by chemical manipulation has left considerable after-effects. I was no longer the same person. The effect of the neuroleptics wore off, but I was traumatized for life. My life was no longer the same as before.

In summer I didn't tolerate the heat well. In winter I didn't tolerate the cold well. I also had excruciating pain all over my body. This pain was circulating, as if it were a toothache. I moaned. This pain was sudden. I went through a phase of serious malnutrition. I lost a lot of mineral salts. Weight loss, swollen legs, difficulty walking, anemia, low blood pressure and tingling in the skull.

During the fall, I had a fever and nausea which made my sleep short, disturbed and broken. I slept from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m., then from 3 a.m. to 5 a.m., from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. and so on.

Before the asylum I liked to eat. Now I have to force myself to swallow anything. Eating became a chore for me, which caused me to lose serious weight. I have never experienced any eating disorders before this forced internment.

I had an appointment with "Dr" Pinbal. A bully. He insists: "I'm the boss here." He wanted to impose his insane psycho theories. He was in denial about the devastating effects of neuroleptics.

I said :

- Neuroleptics, an illness and not a medical treatment.
- A bad for a good.
- You're talking nonsense.

He didn't flinch. He sat back in his chair. He started to write a letter to his colleagues at Corentin's CMP, psychoanalysts rather close to Bernard Golse[1]. Far from being impartial, this letter testifies to the intention of its author to direct the diagnosis.

I left this consultation with disgust in my heart .

Since leaving the asylum, I have been on strict and restrictive diets to cleanse my body. I followed a GAPS diet on the recommendation of a naturopath. Then I moved on to other, stricter diets and even dry and wild fasting. I lost all my strength. It became difficult for me to carry out normal activities (running errands, sitting, standing or taking a shower). I could no longer walk, let alone climb the stairs...

February 2022, I weighed 32 kg for 1m80. I was obsessed with the need to cleanse my body. It was a collapse. The episode of this internment made me lose the desire to do anything.

The day after I left the asylum, I decided to have regular blood tests to see if I still had the residue of this poison in my body. I did it almost every day, even though it was expensive and without a prescription. In these analyzes it could be observed that the presence of neuroleptics slowly decreased. By the end of June, you could see that it had almost disappeared. At the beginning of July it completely disappeared.

The asylum and the neuroleptics harmed me seriously. This internment was a real trauma. I couldn't forget.

Drs K, N and S are adamant: I don't have anything they want to put on me. According to S "I have the right to refuse internment and neuroleptics even if I was hospitalized under duress. A family

member can take me out at any time.” Right that the asylum confiscated from us.

Time has stopped. All my thoughts were focused on this drama in my life.

[1]psychoanalyst for whom autistic children (that he met) “are not children plus autism, they have an autistic pathology which prevents them from being a person, which prevents them from being a subject. ".

2 The GAPS diet, in English ''gaps diet'', is an exclusion diet which recommends the avoidance of numerous foods such as cereal products, dried vegetables, but also gluten, dairy products and finally refined carbohydrates. This protocol was originally designed by Doctor Natasha Campbell-McBride, inventor of the term ''GAPS'' meaning: 'Gut And Psychology Syndrome'. In French this term translates as; Enteropsychological Syndrome

The imaginary illness

Man was badly designed. He is a perversion of nature. This is where our experiences, still modest, come into play. We enter into the basic construction. We release the productive forces and channel the destructive ones. We eliminate inferior beings and increase the number of usable ones. This is the only solution if we want to prevent the final catastrophe.

Ingmar Bergman

Only those who have taken neuroleptics can talk about their agonies. It was like the smell of rancid butter, like foul words coming out of the mouth of a surly police officer. We treat human beings like we treat the earth with pesticides. We favor the treatment of so-

called symptoms without worrying about the root of the problem. An easy solution. In the absence of appropriate care, the brain is faced with devastating neuro-cerebral degenerative effects. As one veterinarian so eloquently said: “It’s not the dogs that need treatment, but their owners.” ".

Smoking kills/Abilify kills.

Many are unaware of the hallucinogenic and addictive side effects of neuroleptics. They lead to a state of cerebral impotence and suicide in certain cases.

Time passes slowly. Deformity of the tongue and jaw (facial dyskinesia). Very painful tearing of the eyes, cracking of the lips. Restless legs syndrome (impatience), difficulty walking, slowness in walking and movements. Nocturnal restlessness (waking up to walk), interrupted sleep, of poor quality and shorter. Nightmares, torments. A dark world feeling. Thirst, need to drink. I drank up to 9 liters of water per day without forcing myself, which caused me to lose mineral salts from my body. Need to urinate frequently. Abnormal sweating and nocturnal incontinence. Constipation. Anorexia or bulimia. Lack of pleasure. Excessive weight loss. Nausea and dizziness. Inability to tolerate heat and cold. Pain in the chest. Tingling in the skull. Stop sneezing. Headache. Hepatitis. Having pain when you eat. Loss of any sense of well-being. Don't feel any emotion. Inability to memorize, reduced concentration. No longer able to study or prepare for exams. Desertification of imagination, thinking, intelligence, energy, vitality, motivation, desire, desire, joy and sadness. Decreased capacity for perception, consciousness, communication. Addiction. flat libido. Slowed gait, stupefied, stupefied state. Atrophied hormones, disruption of the neurohormonal system. Destruction of all particularity and specificity. Neuroleptics block dopamine, serotonin, melatonin and adrenaline.

They claim to cure non-existent and unreal illnesses, in fact, they cause real illnesses. “Denying the illness is a symptom. The patient is in denial,” they say. Illness is the complete opposite of organ silence. The sick person is a person who feels pain and is in an unusual state in relation to his body. Neuroleptics reduce suffering and cause intense discomfort and torment. A dark world, mental instability, a total and destructive disruption of the neuro-hormonal and mental system. Psychologists transform unreal and non-existent suic*** ideas into a macabre world. A complete loss of energy and

interaction. Risperdal is a hyper destructive molecule. “Abilify is a gentler molecule,” they say. Lie. It is as destructive as Risperdal. There are no side effects, there is only one primary effect, that of destroying the neuro-hormonal system.

When one neuroleptic doesn't work, they change it to another. What's the point ? Since they have the same effect. The most obvious effect is akathisia (motor restlessness or restless legs). It is the destruction of the nervous system that causes these impatience. The same goes for facial dyskinesia or deformation of the tongue and jaw (due to the drying out of hormones). They block the sleep hormone melatonin.

Mental illness ? Lie. The person was in a healthy initial condition. His pain is bearable without Pax Santana. “Neuroleptics soothe,” they say. Lie. “The treatment will help you return to a normal life,” they say. Fake. Neuroleptics extract all vitality, all energy, and all the fury of life.

“Before the treatment, you were not well,” they say. Lie. I was like everyone else. GOOD. Pretty good. Not good. I liked myself. Sometimes joyful. Sometimes sad. Neuroleptics are the paradise of emotional emptiness.

Neuroleptics are the negation of the human person. They erase your unique characteristics and tame your fierce will. Neuroleptics are weapons of psychological destruction used by Mister Psy to appease the beast, this vulgate thirsting for rectitude and integralism. Return to the ranks. Look like a Coke. Mundane normality.

“You should never stop neuroleptics suddenly. Neuroleptics stop gradually,” warn the psychologists. Lie. “Neuroleptics are so destructive that they must be stopped suddenly,” recommends Dr. K. When neuroleptics are stopped, nature takes back its rights. Abilify kaput. My madness is my sixth finger and I keep it. The chemical poison leaves, but remains the poison of trauma.

Hospitalization without consent. They make definitive diagnoses and only believe in the power of neuroleptics. What right do they have to deprive a person of their freedom? By what right do they forcibly intern a person? What right do they have to force us to take neuroleptics? They act with impunity with the complicity of the State.

Instead of questioning the treatment, they persist in the error. Instead of stopping it, we change the color of the pill, partial blocker

or softer. kif-kif. Abilify is very destructive. I didn't adapt, neither to Abilify nor to Risperdal. The so-called proofreaders are a sham. These correctors cause undeniable effects. And if it doesn't work, they will call on other proofreaders and so on.

Neuroleptics are neither sedatives, nor sleeping pills, nor antidepressants, and even less medications. Mister Psy refers to neuroleptic drugs and tranquilizers. Lie. Neuroleptics disrupt, destroy and cause suffering. They take you into a gloomy and terrifying world. The words “terror”, “horror”, “macabre” are weak to describe the effects of neuroleptics. It's beyond. The torture lasts for a while, while the ravages of the neuroleptics continue. Neuroleptics mess up and disrupt the entire metabolism. Neuroleptics make you suffer excruciatingly and relentlessly.

Mister Psy argues: “The patient has the will to consent or not to be hospitalized.” Lie. Everyone is free to decide not to be hospitalized. Internment without consent is a total denial of human rights. No one has the right to forcibly intern another person or make them take neuroleptics. It is with neuroleptics that the person loses his will, his capacity to act, to think and to decide. It is with neuroleptics that the person becomes mentally handicapped. On the other hand, without neuroleptics, the person preserves their free will.

“The person is dangerous for themselves or for others,” argues Mister Psy. Lie. Without neuroleptics the person is in a healthy and normal state. I was harmless, introverted, kind, shy, health conscious.

Everyone has the right to a fair trial. No one has the right to forcibly intern or to give medication by force, under any pretext whatsoever.

Most of those interned are far from sick. Even if this is the case, this is not a reason to decide on their internment without their consent. The negation of *humanity* .

It's exhausting to dismantle the Kafkaesque arguments of the people of Sainte-Anne. They have plenty of tricks up their sleeves. For my part, I dream of an antidote, a remedy against the effects and after-effects of neuroleptics. An antidote for getting the body back into shape, a return to its initial state. *Status quo ante* .

An antidote is not an alternative treatment, but a remedy for the devastating effects of neuroleptics. The antidote must be a natural product. It can, if necessary, serve as alternative care. Not

taking neuroleptics, antidepressants or any other drug in the same family is the antidote par excellence.

Three days of isolation, three weeks of internment, that's the protocol at Sainte-Anne. A classic. The Kouchner law [1], carefully designed to protect individuals against psychiatric abuse, has been flatly violated. At Sainte-Anne, they interned me against my will. They locked me up and deprived me of my freedom. Punishment without crime. They force-fed me neuroleptics. I didn't hurt anyone. They concocted a turnkey diagnosis. A man has not made mistakes, Saint Anne corrects. Even if a man is healthy, the asylum is a straitjacket.

THE IMAGINARY ILLNESS.

You know the story of this victim of a misdiagnosis who found himself one thing leading to another locked up in a psychiatric asylum, then, judged to be completely sane, released, at the moment when, by dint of neuroleptics, he became mad ?

We are faced with the incongruous. The theater of cruelty. You won't come out unscathed. You don't get out of it. In all this the JLD is of no use. Or if. He serves the thing.

The Kouchner law [1] : French legislation on care without consent was modified by the law of July 5, 2011. the law introduced two flagship measures: the intervention of the judge of freedoms and detention in the control of the administration care without consent; and the obligation for him to give his approval within twelve days to any hospitalization without consent, during a public hearing which now takes place at the asylum.

Coercion and brutality. The asylum advances wearing a false nose. Devious methods, lies, disinformation, misinformation, omission, manipulation, abuse, scam, harassment, hammering, insinuation. The asylum commits its crimes by covering itself. The law allows it. A legal crime.

The ignominy persists in the 21st century . We abolished the death penalty, but not forced internment. The Kouchner law established the judge of freedoms and detention, especially the judge of detention.

Why squeeze people? Why do we classify people as fit or unfit? We all have our particularities. You remember Bob Dylan's poem: "Each of us has a gift of our own/ I know it's true/ Don't underestimate me and I won't underestimate you." »

We all have our little worries. Is this a reason to consider ourselves disabled. No science can dissect the human mind. No medicine can soothe the soul.

All over the world, when a doctor makes a mistake, he is punished. These psychologists were wrong. They must be judged for not respecting the law. They must be judged for their lies. They must be judged for not having respected my parents' wishes to send me out. They must be judged for their misdiagnosis. They must be judged for the trauma they caused me. They must be judged for the trauma they caused my parents. They must be judged for the hell they put me through . I would like to see them undergo what they made me endure: forced internment, and force-feeding them psychotropic drugs. And, we will not be even.

We always prick men. Can we live with neuroleptics? Is there a death after this death? Neuroleptics kill slowly by what they hypocritically call Neuroleptic Malignant Syndrome. Death caused by neuroleptics is horrendous. Make way for tingling, dizziness, insomnia, nausea, fever…

We don't laugh anymore. We don't cry anymore. Timeout.

The dopamine system is a home for the body and nervous system. Its blockage makes the person a wandering being, without direction, without sunlight. An empty shell.

Of all the ointments and therapies that exist on earth, they only use neuroleptics. Legal poison, legal confinement. It is time for this institutional and drug violence to stop. This psychiatry is not a science. A hoax.

How many broken dreams? How many lives destroyed? Everyone is aware of these perverse practices. No conviction. Victims of abuse by psychiatrists and psychiatric asylums are left behind. They alert, but no one reacts. When surfing on Google, on the page dedicated to the opinions of the victims of Sainte Anne, we are stunned. Cries of distress. Dismay. It doesn't shock anyone. Scathing testimonies. Death in mental asylums. Death following internment. No serious investigation. No effective action. In the name of the sacrosanct regulation, Google refuses to publish certain opinions which unmask these horrid practices.

The cynicism of Chami, the harshness of Gallet, the stupidity of Zarzour, the pettiness of Zehng, the charlatanism of Martinez, the deceitfulness of Rachenko and the despotism of Pinbal leave me speechless.

“Mediocre!” Mediocre! I absolve you! ". [1]

[1] *The best words of Antonio Salieri, the composer mistreated by Milos Forman in the film Amadeus*

Hoaxes and shenanigans

Interior grilles make the windows ugly. The floor is gray and bristling with splinters. It reeks of sour cabbage, burnt wick, bedbugs and ammonia, and this foul odor gives you, from the first moment, the same impression as if you were entering a menagerie. The beds are screwed to the floor. There we see, lying or sitting, men in blue dressing gowns and old-fashioned caps. They are the crazy ones .

Anton Chekhov

130 years separate us from Anton Chekhov's *City of Madmen* . Nothing has changed. As soon as you cross the gates of these cities, you find yourself stripped of your human dignity. *No estántodos los que son ni son todos los que están* ["All those who are are not there nor are all those who are there"], an untranslatable motto that could be read as a warning to the entrance to an insane asylum in the Philippines.

Degraded, damp places, smelling of piss. Peeling walls, decrepit paint. Long grayish corridors, always deserted. Gray rooms, metal beds barely covered with colorless sheets. Tea towels perched on a rickety dresser. Everything is gray. Pajamas stained with vomit wander in short jerky steps. A shrill cry assassinates the silence that governs. Free entry, prohibited exit. Identical label catalog for everyone. *" Sick ". " Not good ". “In the unreal” “Interpretive”, “Imaginative”. " Dark thoughts". “Suic*** ideas”. “Delusions”. “Hallucinations”. “Psychosis”. “Denial”...*

Accept without flinching to avoid being put in coffins.

They claim to treat you. Through isolation? Internment? Humiliation, Infantilization? Injections and pills? Who benefits from this mess? To Mister Psy? To Big Pharma? Certainly not to my crazy cousins.

The theory that depression is caused by a serotonin deficiency has been questioned[2] . This theory has never been proven. However, it was behind the explosion in the production, marketing and

consumption of neuroleptics, anxiolytics and antidepressants. Millions of people swallow hundreds of millions of tablets and receive millions of injections. Some ingest death, others sorrel . The madman, their printing press.

We would like to believe that after a century of research, the world of psychiatry has evolved. This is involution. What could be easier than to numb yourself with psychotropic drugs? Going back to the origin of the discomfort and supporting a person at a critical moment in their life requires tact.

How to recover in the cities of madmen? How not to lose the north?

Can we rebel against arbitrariness? Mister Psy is always right, you are always wrong. Your word has no value. They're convinced you're crazy. How can you say no to treatment that is imposed on you without explanation or information? How can you resist those who control you by injection and injunction? To rebel, to contest, to resist is to be caught in the act of madness. Hell, a little closer.

It was thought that these practices had disappeared. But nothing has changed. Jargon perhaps? Asylum hospital. Hospitalization for internment. Patient for crazy. Lobotomization care.

These fossil practices have been legalized. Deprivation of liberty is carried out by force of law.

Prison for criminals. The mental asylum for the wretched of the earth.

[1] https://www.nature.com/articles/s41380-022-01661-0

You will suffer alone. Invisible after-effects hardly heal. Cracks and cracks for life. Family, school, social and professional disintegration…

What is asylum for? A sorting center: Suitable or unsuitable.

Is detaining you under duress treatment? At each session, Mister Psy thinks about the next appointment and the date of the next injection. Psychologists do not treat, do not cure, do not provide relief. They can't do anything for us. There is nothing that can relieve the suffering. And, if you feel better, all the credit goes to you.

Makers of diagnoses, they only create stigmatizations and mortifications. We do not diagnose humans like we diagnose an abscess. A diagnosis is not a scanner. The diagnosis is human, subject to errors and interpretations and cannot be a scientific

document on the basis of which vital decisions are made. The soul, the spirit cannot be scanned. Every being is different. Each person has their own specificities. He has a unique genetic heritage that no diagnosis can account for. This diagnosis inevitably leads to massive errors.

“Asylum imposes a special environment in which the meanings of behaviors can be misunderstood. The consequences for patients hospitalized in such an environment - helplessness, depersonalization, segregation, mortification and diagnostic labeling - seem undoubtedly counter-therapeutic. [1]

Are psychologists really capable of differentiating between those who are sick and those who are not?

In the 1970s, David Rosenhan, an American professor of psychology, had the idea of introducing a group of eight fake “mental” patients into different psychiatric asylums. All were admitted with a diagnosis of schizophrenia. Except the one who was admitted to a private clinic. He was diagnosed with manic depression. No psychologist questioned the diagnosis. “It is better to diagnose an illness in a healthy person than to take the risk of pronouncing a sick person as healthy.” This is Mister Psy's bias. A very detrimental bias. Personal, family, social and even legal stigmatization.

It is very difficult to get rid of labels such as "crazy", "schizophrenic", "manic depressive". Once stuck, they will influence the course of your life.

[1] David L. Rosenhan, 'on being sane in insane places

By giving a purely medico-biological connotation to psychological discomfort, the person is expropriated from their suffering, uprooted from their history to be locked up in psychiatric nosography.

We are not far from *the sakel cure* which aimed to plunge the patient into a hypoglycemic coma or *malaria therapy* which consisted of *inoculating the malaria parasite to cause feverish peaks* .

The main progress consists of chemical lobotomy, that is to say. Also, I expect nothing from those who promise to reach the moon by castrating the brain. Surgical lobotomy[1] and chemical

lobotomy: Siamese brother. The shrinks cut the neutral connectors in a patient's frontal lobe to give him lasting anesthesia.

Lobotomy became so popular that its inventor, Egas Moniz, a Portuguese neurologist and politician, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1949. Men continue to be lobotomized using neuroleptics. Psychiatry is at the very heart of relations of domination. With neuroleptics, we ensure these relationships of domination by rendering *the person in a state of domestic animal, apathetic, handicapped for the rest of life* . [2]

Surgical lobotomy was a social, familial, cultural and political blessing. Today, the same is true for chemical lobotomization. Hell is paved with good intentions. One person had to die for this fad to stop in the United States. It continued in Europe until the 1985s. With chemical lobotomization, the death is camouflaged, hence the difficulty of incriminating the serial killer.

Stop psychiatry. Quickly. Previous experiments in Italy and elsewhere to abolish mental asylums in stages have failed.

The failure of the Bazaglia law in Italy which, in 1978, established the progressive abolition of psychiatric asylums, is the very illustration that a radical and unequivocal solution is needed.

Pharmaco-industrial complex, administrative failures, family difficulties, socio-professional privileges, etc., all these factors have blocked the application of this pioneering law. In France, the Kouchner law[1], which aimed to revolutionize psychiatry, was perverted and atrophied. In the United States and Norway, there are attempts whose outcome we do not know.

Lobotomy[1] is a surgical procedure which consists of cutting a lobe, or a portion of the brain, and certain fibers connecting the frontal lobe to the rest of the brain

[2]Lynda Zerouk, on France TV , December 5, 2017

Individuals with oversized egos, illiterate and uneducated educated people come together to preserve the old world.

STOP.

Abolish the citadels of madness. Eliminate the teaching of psychiatry to protect humanity from dementia. Neuroleptics spell the decline of the human species.

To continue to believe in psychiatry, in the magic of neuroleptics and in forced internment is to deny the very evidence

that all this is nothing but wind chasing the wind. Psychiatry is a logorrhea, a newspeak.

A crazy world *.* An illiterate and uneducated world. A sick society. The ugliness of the flowers of evil. Disgusted. Kindness, benevolence, empathy, love, fraternity are hollow, vain words.

It's time to overturn the receding table.

It is time to rebel against the brutality of these pseudo-scientific institutions. It is a battle for dignity. A cultural battle against the psychiatric ideology with a medical matrix which denies all meaning and all value to the human person. "Fear, horror, disgust, disgust" in front of "Mr. Psychiatrist" "who plays medicine like others play the hunting horn," writes Albert Londres in his book *Chez les fous* .

Does it take more than a hundred years to complete a century?

Dates

These dates will be forever engraved in my memory, dates of an injustice of which I was a victim, dates of a torture suffered that I did not deserve, dates of a kidnapping committed by white coats. I

remember every word these people spoke, every moment spent behind these walls. The images flash before my eyes like a horror film.

January 30, 2019: 1st meeting with Martinez

February 9, 2019: 2nd meeting with Martinez and stopping Abilify 5mg

February 15, 2019: 1st arrival at the asylum

February 19, 2019: Entry into the asylum

March 1, 2019: Change of flag

March 11, 2019: Release from asylum

March 14, 2019: 1st injection of Abilify

April 11, 2019: 2nd injection of Abilify

May 10, 2019: 3rd appointment for the 3rd injection . I did not go. I decided to stop.

Tables